

# The Conning Tower

IN SWIMMIN'.

Two fingers, a grin, and a whistle;  
A quick look-around and a sneal;  
There's Skinny and Bucky and Thistle,  
And Pinny and Bulger and Squeak.  
Now down through the cool, shady alleys;  
By the road where the dust's lying thick;  
Then back through the woods of O'Malley's,  
To the banks of old Treacle Creek.

"Geewhillikens, looky at Skinny!"  
"Geewhillikens, looky at Squeak!"  
"Geewhillikens, looky at Pinny!"  
"Geewhillikens, I'm gettin' weak!"  
"Say, let's get a log 'nd float on it!"  
"I'm gettin' the cramps, so I am!"  
"Say, who's crackin' dornicks, doggone it?"  
"Aw, come on, 'nd let's build a dam!"

And it's floating and diving and crawling;  
It's lying stretched out on the sand;  
It's ducking and running and sprawling;  
It's laughing until you can't stand.  
And the afternoon's gone in a hurry;  
You enter the house—kind of sick;  
A question—you're all in a flurry;  
"Been swimmin' in Treacle Creek?"

I've swum in some elegant oceans;  
I've bathed in some beautiful lakes;  
I've made nataorial motions.  
In the pools that the plumber-man makes.  
But the whole Seven Seas I would sweep, sir—  
Pray, hearken—sincerely I speak—  
For chance to sneak off for a flop, sir.  
In dirty, old Treacle Creek.

THERSITES.

Contemplation of the not infrequently human race leads to the saddening conviction that a large number are anti-German, a large number anti-Hughes, a large number anti-almost-everything. But that the greatest number are pro-self.

The Philles, like Greece, are on the brink of entering the World Series.

First Call for Gentlemen Mealers.

[From the Eagle Pass (Tex.) Herald.]  
Can furnish meals to a limited number of mealers, beginning Oct. 1st. Gentlemen preferred. For further information address Box 158, Eagle Pass, Texas, or call 252 M.

A girl just raising the shade of her Washington Place hall bedroom, one hand clutching her purple kimono together, the other holding a large alarm clock.—From "Seen in a Day," in The Globe.

Perhaps—it's a neighborhood full of versatile persons—she raised the shade with her toes.

Too finicky is the innkeeper who advertises in the Herkimer, N.Y., Telegram, "Wanted—Waitress. Lady preferred."

BEFORE THE PENGUIN CAGE, BRONX ZOO.

A Boy: What's them?  
His Father: Guinea hens. COME ON! (Drags him away.)

A Man: What's those?  
His Friend: Pen-guns.

The Man: What?  
His Friend: Pen-guns.

The Man: That's a funny name.

Friend: Well, they're funny birds—or fish—or whatever they are.

The Man: Fish, I guess. They've got fins.

Friend: They've got feathers. They're birds.

The Man: I don't see any feathers. (A penguin opportunity appears, with a feather in his beak.)

The Man: Oh, yes. Birds, I guess. Well, I never see anything like them.

Friend: Ain't ye never been to the movies?

The Man: Course I been to the movies. What's that got to do with them?

Friend: Oh, they have 'em there.

The Man: Likely they do!

Friend: Oh, yes. Why, they have 'em ev'rywhere that there's any Arctic regions around.

The Man: Likely!

JARED BEAN.

Greece may be in the war in a day or so, and next week one may expect to have a chance to attend theatrical benefits given for the Greek war sufferers. The sufferers being the Greek treasury.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS.

September 27—Up, and finished reading Mistress K. Norris's "The Heart of Rachael," which I was much interested in, and deem the best work she hath done yet. All day at the office, busied in various petty tasks, and in the evening with my wife to the playhouse and saw "Arms and the Girl," a highly diverting comedy, and well acted, too. But during the second act the button at my collar did disintegrate, and my collar slipped up toward my chin, and caused me great discomfort, and some anger at myself, too, for wearing a breakable button. But I like it better because it is easier to button. Home then on an omnibus, with my coat collar turned up.

28.—To the office for a moment, and thence with G. Rice, F. O'Neill and Will McGeehan to Brooklyn, wagering \$1 with each of them, I choosing the Philadelphia. Met, on the way, Mr. E. Quigley, the base ball umpire, a fine, handsome gentleman; and he told me he can never remember, in reading a literary figure, whether it is synecdoche or metonymy. Which ought not perplex him, the difference being always easily distinguishable. To the office again, with my \$3, and all evening there, hard at my scrivening. My Lord Theodore is in the West, speaking in favour of Mr. Hughes.

If Mr. Ford has a moment to spare from his libel suit against the Chicago Tribune, he might direct his attention to an advertiser in the Asbury Park Press, who inserts "FOR SALE—1916 Ford town car in first-class condition. Have no use for it."

The New York Herald, its advertisement vaunts, "predicted in advance the result." That's the kind of predicting that is harder to do than the other kind.

Sign—being obtuse's idea of the decessence of delicacy—in a West Fifty-seventh street window: "A Laundress Is in Charge of All Ladies' Apparel."

THE CARD CONTESTANTS.

"Come on up further in the car."  
"No. It's all right here."  
"Will you please come up in the car?"

"Why?"  
"I see the seal we didn't get."  
"Oh! Why didn't you say so?"

"I just told you, didn't I? Gee, this is a cinch—eighteen right before we leave the house and now we've got them all. You were wrong about the spaghetti—it's macaroni."

"Are you sure?"  
"Sure. Now let's check them up."  
"Don't take the paper out here."

"What do we care for the people. They don't know we need the money. Let's make believe we're doing it for fun."

"All right—only be careful—don't let them see our answers!"

A Rook.

Both the bride and groom were elegantly dressed, and ornamented with garlands of flowers.—Bloomington, Ind., Telephone.

The nuptials of Pan and Syrinx?

Long George McConnell, whose years in baseball are almost as many as his inches in height . . . —The Tribune.

At last a real veteran!

The Brooklyns are doing as well as could be expected.

F. P. A.

## MUSEUMS TO USE MOTION PICTURES

Toledo Director Points Out Their Value in Art Education.

## N. Y. METROPOLITAN NEVER MORE READY

Three Thousand Teachers Attend Its Lectures in Two Weeks.

That moving pictures may come into universal use in the museums of this country in the near future to educate visitors by object lessons in the various branches of art, seems more than likely, according to George W. Stevens, director of the Toledo Museum of Art, in an article written for the current number of the "Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art," issued yesterday.

"It will take no great imagination to forecast the growth of the educational film," says Mr. Stevens, "as soon as the vast number of schools and colleges, museums, libraries and the myriad of educational clubs and societies are equipped to utilize them, and museums of art will be able to secure splendid material covering every department of museum work."

The Metropolitan Museum, building on the experience of the past and taking advantage of a constantly increasing fund of material, was never, its officers say, in a more advantageous position to carry on its educational work.

A general survey of the field for possible operations in New York between the museums and designers and manufacturers led to a preliminary investigation of the resources of the city, the result of which has been published by the Museum in a pamphlet, compiled by Miss Florence N. Levy, entitled "Art Education."

In his report, designed to show the extent of educational work done by public museums of science and art, Paul M. Rea, director of the Charlier Museum, secretary of the American Association of Muzeums, states that the educational and extension work of museums is a permanent addition to education and in no sense a fad. In all of the educational activities of museums, he declares, the fundamental idea is visual instruction.

Secretary H. W. Kent called attention to the function of the museum instructor as a guide and friend to the visitor, and Dr. Alvin L. Vail, school instructor, told of the remarkable interest taken by 3,000 teachers of grade schools in New York who, taking advantage of the delay in opening the schools, visited the class rooms of the Museum from September 11 to 25 in groups of from a dozen to 800, and listened to lectures and talks on the various branches of art, and took part in the conferences that Mrs. Vaughan says must result in great benefit to the teachers.

The Man: Fish, I guess. They've got fins.

Friend: They've got feathers. They're birds.

The Man: I don't see any feathers. (A penguin opportunity appears, with a feather in his beak.)

The Man: Oh, yes. Birds, I guess. Well, I never see anything like them.

Friend: Ain't ye never been to the movies?

The Man: Course I been to the movies. What's that got to do with them?

Friend: Oh, they have 'em there.

The Man: Likely they do!

Friend: Oh, yes. Why, they have 'em ev'rywhere that there's any Arctic regions around.

The Man: Likely!

JARED BEAN.

## BULK OF WHITE ESTATE LEFT TO DAUGHTERS

Former Editor Set Aside \$3,500 for Father's Statue.

Well Known as Newspaper Man and Active Republican.

Former Editor Set Aside \$3,500 for Father's Statue.

The bulk of the estate of Horace White, late editor emeritus of "The Evening Post," and president of the Evening Post Company, will go to his three daughters—Amelia, Elizabeth and Martha—by the terms of the will filed for probate yesterday.

Mr. McCarthy began his career as a reporter for "The Jersey Journal." Later he was connected with "The New York Evening Post," "The Mail" and "The Sun." In 1894 he served as an alderman in Jersey City, and in 1903 was appointed Health Commissioner. He resigned this office in 1906 to be a city clerk.

Mr. McCarthy was a member of the Republican State Executive Committee, a former secretary of the Hudson County Republican Committee and a member of the Masons, Elks and Eagles. His wife, one son and one daughter survive him.

The plot, which is to be called Ewen Park, in honor of the donor's father, has a frontage of 423 feet on Riverdale Avenue.

## EWEN PARK GIVEN TO CITY

Bronx Plot to Honor Memory of Civil War General.

Miss Eliza M. Ewen, of Riverdale, daughter of General John Ewen, of the Civil War fame, has presented the city a plot of land on the southwest corner of Riverdale Avenue and 232d Street. The plot, to be used as a public park, is north of the Spuyten Duyvil district. When the Hendrick Hudson Bridge is extended from Lawood to Spuyten Duyvil, the park will be on the highway over which automobiles will make a detour to Albany Post Road.

The plot, which is to be called Ewen Park, in honor of the donor's father, has a frontage of 423 feet on Riverdale Avenue.

## R. B. FOSDICK OUT OF OFFICE

Mayor Mitchel Accepts His Resignation From School Board.

Raymond B. Fosdick, who tried last December to resign from the Board of Education, succeeded yesterday. Last year he yielded to the desire of Mayor Mitchel to have him remain. In accepting his resignation the Mayor said as follows:

SIR CHARLES CAYZER

Head of Firm Owning Clan Line of Steamships.

London, Sept. 28.—Sir Charles Cayzer died this morning at Abergavoye, Scotland.

Sir Charles Cayzer, who was seventy-three years old, was head of the firm of shipping men Cayzer & Co., owners of the Clan Line of steamships. For many years he sat in Parliament from Barrow-in-Furness, being the first Conservative elected for Barrow. His daughter, Florence Gwendoline, married Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, commander-in-chief of the British Home Fleet, in 1902, and another daughter is the wife of Rear Admiral Charles Edward Madden.

GEORGE J. TURNBULL.

George J. Turnbull, of 276 Demarest Street, Westleigh, Staten Island, died suddenly of apoplexy yesterday in his automobile while on his way to the Staten Island Municipal Hospital at St. George. He was born in Waterbury, Conn., in 1860. He was a general manager of the Goodell Company, at 180 Chambers Street, this city, at the time of his death.

Wallace is expected to leave for Washington early next week.

## MRS. BOISSEVAN TO TOUR

Women's Leader Will Speak in Twelve Suffrage States Against Wilson.

Washington, Sept. 28.—The National headquarters of the Woman's party announced to-night that Mrs. Anna M. Holland, Boissevain suffragette, would leave Chicago October 3 for a month's speaking tour in opposition to the reelection of President Wilson.

Both the bride and groom were elegantly dressed, and ornamented with garlands of flowers.—Bloomington, Ind., Telephone.

The nuptials of Pan and Syrinx?

Long George McConnell, whose years in baseball are almost as many as his inches in height . . . —The Tribune.

At last a real veteran!

The Brooklyns are doing as well as could be expected.

In fact, that seems to be the trouble.

F. P. A.

IN SWIMMIN'.

Two fingers, a grin, and a whistle;

A quick look-around and a sneal;

There's Skinny and Bucky and Thistle,

And Pinny and Bulger and Squeak.

Now down through the cool, shady alleys;

By the road where the dust's lying thick;

Then back through the woods of O'Malley's,

To the banks of old Treacle Creek.

"Geewhillikens, looky at Skinny!"

"Geewhillikens, looky at Squeak!"

"Geewhillikens, looky at Pinny!"

"Say, let's get a log 'nd float on it!"

"I'm gettin' the cramps, so I am!"

"Say, who's crackin' dornicks, doggone it?"

"Aw, come on, 'nd let's build a dam!"

And it's floating and diving and crawling;

It's lying stretched out on the sand;

It's ducking and running and sprawling;

It's laughing until you can't stand.

And the afternoon's gone in a hurry;

You enter the house—kind of sick;

A question—you're all in a flurry;

"Been swimmin' in Treacle Creek?"

"I've swum in some elegant oceans;

I